
Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 8

Author:

We've moved away from
the waters and headed
deeper into the abysmal
plains that seem to
surround us now. We've
seen more of the one
eyed beasts, though only
from a distance as we

have purposely avoided
them. Of Snake men,
we've seen no more. But
we've run across the
second of the warring
races, and now the
comments tha Enas made
in the first village, and
the stories of the
villagers in the second
village are finally coming
together.

The group at war with
the snake men, which
Enas tells me the
villagers call Ophidians,
are the Terrathans, or
Spider People. We have
not encountered a group
of these up close either,
but Enas and I sat
quietly on an outcropping
and watched a group of
them travel together
towards what we assume
to be one of their lairs.
They are hideous, and
make me long for the
comfort of my own home.
The upper portions of
their bodies are much like
men, two arms, two
hands, a broad chest, and
a head. But from the
waist down these beings
are pure spider. Their
thick, bloated bodies make
me ill, and I can't imagine
how I'd feel if one of

them touched me with
it's hairy legs.

I was ready to join
CrawWorth and Dresler
again, who were resting
together while Dresler
redrew some of his maps
(CrawWorth seems tired
much more than he should
be, perhaps he is
becoming ill), but Enas
wanted to stay behind
and make more sketches.
He promised to meet us
in just a few minutes,
and I set out to find my
way back to our
encampment. But it was
not to be. Just seconds
after leaving his company,
I heard Enas scream in
terror. I started to
return to his side as
quickly as I could, but
before I could take a
step I could see the
spider people on all sides
of him. Disgusted by
their horrendous form I
made my way back to
CrawWorth and Dresler,
and crying I told them of
what had happened.
CrawWorth drew his
sword and demanded that
I lead him to the place
where Enas was captured,
despite my reluctance to
return. When we arrived
we found nothing except
the papers and pictures
that Enas had drawn.
These I took and folded
them neatly into my pack.
CrawWorth would not be
stopped though. Using his
limited training in the
woodland arts he began
following their trail back
to their lair. Both
Dresler and I argued that
this would be suicide, but
he would hear no more of
it. We reached the lair
as darkness fell.
Fortunately, there was a
ring of trees around the

clearing where the
Terrathan's gathered. We
watched as they stripped
Enas of his clothes and
went through his pack,
destroying most of what
he carried. His ink and
quill were thrown into a
fire, and he was to
follow. They slit his
throat with his own
dagger and began feasting
on his still warm corpse.
CrawWorth would have
rushed them, I believe,
but when I turned to see
his reaction he was gone.
Dresler and I made our
way back away from the
spider people and found
CrawWorth spitting up
blood a few feet away.
He is very sick, and
neither Dresler nor I
know what to do.....